

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

BACK-DOOR METHODS

By HELEN GREGG.
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"If you ever expect to make a go as society editor," said the city editor, looking over the top of his horn spectacles and not taking the trouble to take the cigarette from the place where it adhered to his lower lip, "you've got to learn the back-door method. Get the dramatic editor to give you tickets for bum shows that some of us want to see, and have them out to the telephone operators in some of the swell hotels. In return they will listen to conversations when the swell dames in their places call any one up. Add the ladies' maids in the dressing rooms when you go to charity balls, and get next to the hair-dressers and manicure girls that are employed by the society women who don't have their own maids. Of course, the big bugs themselves won't take the trouble to talk to you," and there was an emphasis of the "you" and was very well-timed to Clarice Daw, newly installed as society editor of the News-World.

Sometimes, in spite of the city editor's judgment, the "big-bugs" did talk to Clarice. If they ever mentioned her at all to each other it was to speak of her as a "nice little thing." Very pretty though she was, she managed never to be striking when she attended society functions, and though more than one husband or son would gladly have talked to her instead of the more eligible women of their own set, Clarice knew too much to let them. She preferred the back door method of getting news. If she were forced to consult the "big bugs" at all she had learned that the oldish women when approached with considerable but discreet flattery yielded up the facts she wanted to know better than any one else. For Clarice had made the discovery that there is no one in the world that is so flattered by the attention of a young and pretty woman as an old woman, especially when that attention is accompanied by complete obliviousness of the existence of that old woman's husband or son.

On the occasion of the big War Benefit Bazaar that was to be given out at Col. Jones Drew's country estate late in the autumn, Clarice was urged to "do her darndest" by the city editor. He promised to give the event all the space in the paper that he could, that was, of course, provided there was not another revolution in Russia or a cabinet minister did not resign or something of that sort. "It's to be the biggest social event of the season," he said, "and, besides, there is a very good reason why we want to have it: think the News World is the sheet in town."

"Well, I'm sure there is every reason why he should," protested Clarice whose loyalty to the paper for which she worked was complete.

Clarice's mind hurried round the large drawing-rooms where the various booths had been set up and then came through the protected gardens of the old estate and down hidden lanes and through hemlock groves and in and out a Japanese garden, where the various money-extracting schemes were established. She noted on the many sheets of paper that she held inconspicuously in her hand the gowns of the various distinguished women whose faces had come to be very familiar to her. But, reflected Clarice, it wouldn't be enough for a first-story story. She wished that a fire light break out in a wing of the house

AID FAMILIES OF BRITISH SOLDIERS



LADY ORANMORE AND BROWNE



LADY ANGLESEY

Families of soldiers at the front have no more ardent helpers than these two English noblewomen. Both are wealthy and have given great sums for this war relief in addition to doing much personal work. Lady Oranmore and Browne is the oldest daughter of the eighth Earl of Bessborough. Lady Anglesey, formerly of Marjorie Manners, daughter of the Duke of Rutland, is the wife of one of England's richest young peers.

or that some one would fall into the pool in the Japanese garden so that some one else might make a heroic rescue. But nothing like that happened. Then Clarice remembered the back-door method.

Sheltered in a grape arbor that ran at right angles from the hedge that bounded the kitchen yard was an elaborately set up bar. Although, perhaps, all the drinks were dispensed by the soft variety. The bar was entirely attended by men, who stood smoking and shivering there in the arbor—apparently their sanctuary from too much femininity. Mayhap behind those bottles of ginger ale were some others not listed on the enormous, facetiously worded list of drinks that was fastened conspicuously over the impromptu bar. Clarice knew, of course, that interesting though such a

revelation might be, it would never do to make the interest of her article depend on such information.

What did focus her attention was the presence of two hard-working men in white linen coats who mixed various concoctions with all the expertness of professionals. They were the only servants that Clarice had yet been able to discover. She knew that if she could get hold of one of the servants of the Drew household she could extract what information she wanted. She therefore sidled her way over toward the bar in the arbor taking care that none of the dowagers, whose patronage proved so valuable to her, should see her taking steps in the direction of the group where most every one's husband was standing.

She therefore approached the arbor from the kitchen side of the house and was not perceived. The younger of the two bar keepers saw her approach and, with the intuitive knowledge of her disinclination to draw any nearer to the group of men, slipped to the other side of the hedge.

"I know you are very busy," she said. She realized at once that the man knew who she was and guessed her errand. But then most servants of the large establishments did know her and—perhaps because of the "bum theatre tickets"—rather liked her. She had never, that she remembered, had any direct transaction with this one. "Is there anything doing here? I'm looking for a scoop for the News World—you know, something that none of the other papers have. How have your drinks been selling?"

The bar keep smiled knowingly and said, "Yes, madam," and "I'll see, madam." Then, cogitating for a moment, "I don't believe as 'ow the colonel wanted it to be published but the men here patronizing this bar—all strictly soft drinks, mind you—have pledged two million dollars among them to build a big American hospital in France. It's rather interesting as 'ow it's 'appened at a dry bar with all such men as J. P. Astorib and Lancaster Stevens a standing out and shivering here over their lemon pop. It's almost pathetic, Miss, isn't it?"

Clarice's eyes showed right away that she accepted the gossip for a sensational story. The amount of money given was enough to put it on the first page—and then the grim humor of the chilly arbor and the lemon pop would add the touch of local color. "I could give you all the names of the men as are ad-on' it," suggested the bar keep gravely.

A shadow of doubt came over Margaret's face and she fumbled the small sheets in the palm of her hand. "But if Colonel Drew isn't ready to have it announced?" she faltered. "I don't think I could use it unless he consented."

The bar keep watched her narrowly. "Perhaps as 'ow I could get 'is consent," he said. "I didn't think a reporter of the News World would hesitate just on account of not getting consent. It's gratifying now and then to find a paper that has such consideration."

"The News World is that kind of paper," said Clarice solemnly.

So it was arranged between Clarice and the bar keep that she should return at the break-up of the bazaar and in the meantime he would see whether or not the colonel would consent to giving the news. She returned and received a favorable verdict which sent the color to her cheeks and the sparkle of success to her pretty eyes. She asked the bar keep whether she could have the big sign with the facetious list of drinks. She thought their artist could copy it for a cut to go with the story and because it was too unwieldy, the bar keep thought, for her to carry back to the office in the street car he arranged with one of the chauffeurs to let him take out one of the cars in which to motor her back to town. Yes, he, the bar keep—a butler in the house—knew how to manage a car and when Clarice was quite sure that Colonel Drew wouldn't mind having him take the car she consented to go with him. To refuse might have hurt his feelings and after all why should she—poor, ill-paid society reporter that she was—be too proud to sit beside a butler of the establishment? Colonel Jones Drew? She sincerely hoped that none of the approving dowagers would see her thus conducting herself.

The bar keep helped her out of the car and gave her the poster. And as

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By BIDDY BYE.

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Cream Gravy	Grapefruit Cocktail	Gooseberry Jelly
Cauliflower	Cream of Corn Soup	Baked Potatoes
Cheese	Fried Rabbit	Coffee
	Mixed Vegetable Salad	
	Apple Pie	
	Mints	
	ROAST GOOSE DINNER.	
Olives	Lemon Ice	Wafers
Currant Jelly	Cream Tomato Soup	Chestnut Dressing
Hot Mince Pie	Roast Goose	Glazed Onions
Stuffed Potatoes	Marshmallow Dressing	Cream Cheese
Pineapple Salad with	Coffee	
Hard Candies		
VEGETARIAN DINNER.		
Fruit Cocktail		
Radishes	Celery	Cheese Croutons
Swiss Soup	Corn Fritters and Syrup	Celery and Macaroni Stew
Nut Loaf	Head Lettuce with Thousand Island Dressing	Small Cakes
Hazelnut Ice Cream	Coffee.	

he left her at the curbstone there was a look—an eager, wistful look as she thanked him for his kindness to her—that made her feel that after all social distinctions were an absurdity. After all, thought she, as she was trying to collect her ideas to write the article that was to scoop the other papers and make for herself a name on the News World—why shouldn't she like a butler?—It was a dog's life being a reporter. She was sick of the noises of the office. She wondered whether butlers who had wives were permitted to have them live with them on the estate. Perhaps they had snug little cottages. She had heard that Colonel Drew was very generous. Of one thing she was quite sure and that was that the butler would not forget her—

"So you got a good story, hey?" the city editor asked her. "I know by your expression. You look so happy about it. How'd you do it?"

"Back-door method, of course," reported Clarice, as she arranged the paper in her typewriter.

It was two months later and there had been great excitement in the office of the News World. The paper had been bought by Col. Jones Drew—a consummation which had been devoutly wished by the editors for some time. A new society reporter had come and the city editor was giving her instructions.

"In general, I'd say the back-door method is the best," he said. "But I don't know. Our last society reporter went right to headquarters. That's how she met Colonel Drew and made him fall in love with her. She told me at the time a bar keep gave her her story of the big bazaar, but bless my heart it was the colonel himself and he even brought her all the way to the office that first day, driving his own car. But then Clarice was a different sort from the ordinary. I always told her to go to headquarters. Anybody would want to talk to a girl like that."

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PHILADELPHIA PEPPER POT.

One pound boiled tripe, two cups diced potatoes, one cup diced dumplings, two tablespoons chopped parsley, two tablespoons finely cut onion, one teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon white pepper, one teaspoon sweet marjoram.

Heat two quarts of rice or meat stock; add the tripe, onions and potatoes; boil one and one-half hours, then add the dumplings, salt, pepper, paprika and parsley; boil 15 minutes; add the sweet marjoram.

Evening Chat

Members and associate members of the Legal Advisory board are finding much work at the court house but are also finding much entertainment in the answers which some of their clients give to some of the questions. They have found at least one drafter who has the proper spirit and who is an accomplished linguist. Saturday evening an associate member of the board stepped into the county court room. The drafters and their dependents were there in force. The collection resembled the crowd you usually find at the Baltimore and Ohio railroad station awaiting the belated accommodation. Picking out a busy looking American, the lawyer said, "Come along and let's fill out the paper. By way of suggesting the proper sentiment, he observed that the drafter, doubtless, was anxious to serve his country."

CONSTIPATION

And Sour Stomach Caused This Lady Much Suffering. Black-Draught Relieved.

Meadersville, Ky.—Mrs. Pearl Patrick, of this place, writes: "I was very constipated. I had sour stomach and was so uncomfortable. I went to the doctor. He gave me some pills. They weakened me and seemed to tear up my digestion. They would gripe me and afterwards it seemed I was more constipated than before."

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soldier, "and there are no dependents leaning on me for support." "And you are not burdened with any conscientious scruples against sticking a bayonet into the Kaiser or any of his barbarians," said the lawyer? "Not much, the only fear that I have I get in my jab," the drafter replied. "How many languages do you speak?" It did not take the drafter long to reply. "Two fluently—English and Profanity. I use the former in polite conversation and the latter as a necessity in driving a mule in the mine."

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CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

"She shall not give him any money," was the way Pat answered my explanation of Alice's efforts to help Harvey. He was very stubborn, it seemed to me. As he repeated his objection to my life's giving money to the man whom he had once loved, it came over me at the notion of Alice's wanting to make Harvey's death-bed more comfortable did not mean so much to Pat as her giving him money.

Somehow the alacrity with which Alice had proceeded to place in Harvey's hands all the money she had saved seemed to Pat more of a declaration of devotion and love than anything else she had done or could do. Little book, why will people make a fetish of money?

Why is it that it seems to mean everything to us?

Why does it stand above every other standard when we measure mankind?

Oh, I know, little book, that if you did speak you would probably say I am wrong in declaring that we value everything in the world from a money standard, but I still am going to say to you that I think we do. I'm money!"

Now, don't crinkle up your pages though you were smiling as you read to yourself that I do not know the value of money, and so cannot understand the effect that constant need of money has upon the mind.

Perhaps I do not know the want of money, little book, not in the way of being hungry and cold because of lack of money to buy food and heat. But I have watched the effect of money on people and I have seen it make many, many people more and more disagreeable.

somehow it seems to him that the very fact that Alice is ready to part with such a big sum must perforce illustrate the wealth of her interest in person to whom she gives it.

Of course, I did not think of all this while I was talking to Pat because I was trying to form some arguments that would cause him to talk the matter over with Alice. I could not persuade him to do this and I only got him to say that I could tell Alice everything he had said to me after such anxious persuasion.

"The whole fabric of your married life depends upon it, Pat," I said earnestly. "You have to come to the parting of the ways. Either you and Alice will go on together in unity and understanding or you will go farther and farther apart until you will not be able to clasp each other's hand or even hear each other's voice."

This seemed to impress Pat and I was able before I set him down at his office door to get his permission to tell Alice. Little did I think, little book, that I was going to have a worse time over using my own money in my own way than Alice had had.

